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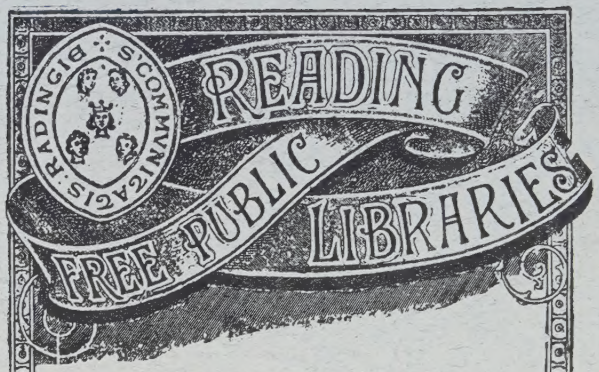

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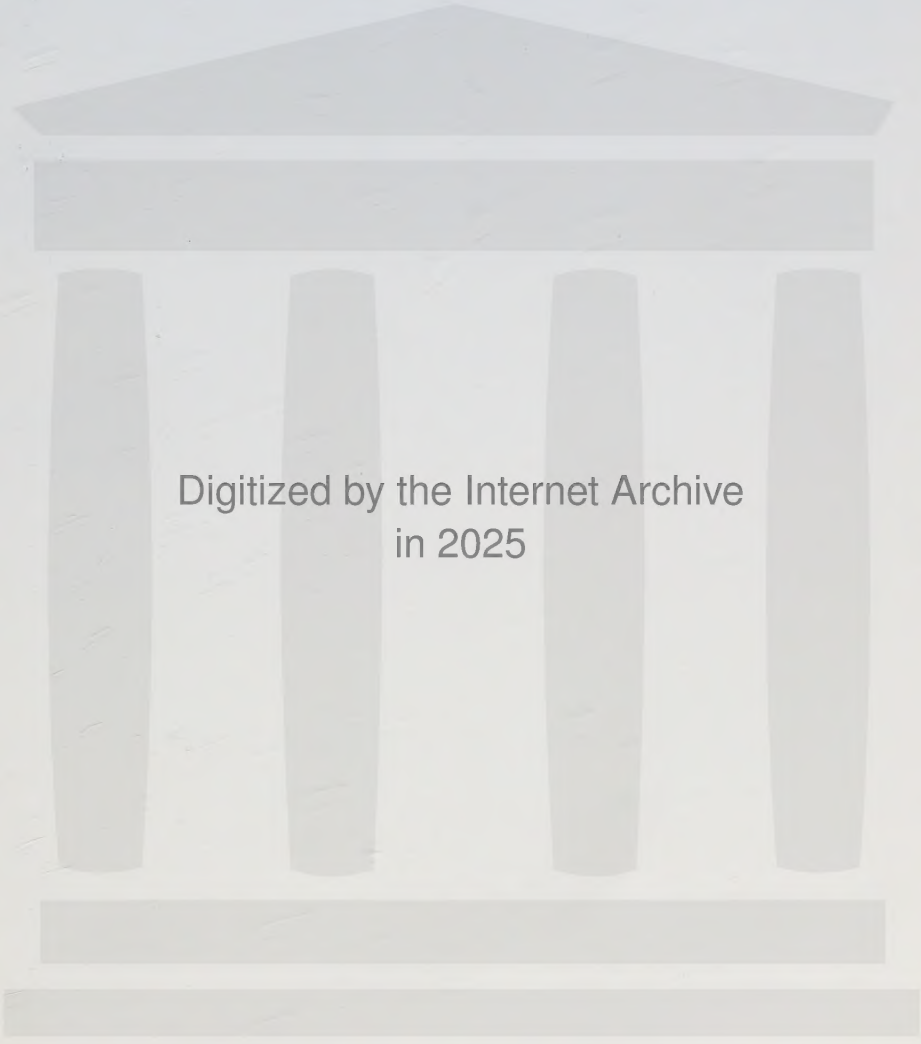
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WILLIAM NICHOLSON

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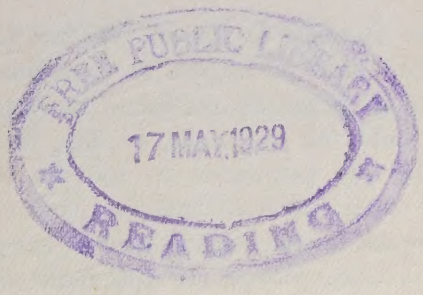

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LIST OF PLATES

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WILLIAM NICHOLSON

WHEN I was asked to write on the work of Mr. William Nicholson, I had some fear lest my own personal enjoyment of it would lend my pen to overpraise. To make matters worse I know the man, and hold him in esteem above his painting. Still, my consolation is that I can sit only on one of the horns of a dilemma at a time.

Writing on the work of living artists can be either a pleasurable or a boring task. He who once turns his hand to such purpose sooner or later learns to like much that he does not admire, and to admire much that he cannot like. Sometimes it happens that he has to write of that which he both likes and admires. This is my happy position at the moment. But it is not without contrariness, for in it the cold eye of criticism is blinded. Of course, an easy alternative presents itself. I could give the date of William Nicholson's birth, the story of his early promise—if he had any—something of his student days in Paris, the number of Gold Medals he has gained, and the usual drawing-room gossip that centres round

a man should he attain fame or the next best thing, notoriety. In short, I could present a portrait of William Nicholson with all the accumulated appurtenances most men acquire in their journey through life. I do not propose to do this, for in proportion as a man remains a mystery so is he interesting, and far be it from me to lift the veil of enchantment. I will write of his work then, for in proportion as *its* mystery is solved so is *it* interesting. And if I could give you the whole mystery of it, the happier would I be. He shall remain in the background revealing himself—as much as he cares to—through his work. But I will tell you just one little bit of scandal about him. He paints his pictures dressed in spotless white ducks and socks with shiny—ever so shiny—patent leather shoes, and if you come to think of it, you cannot imagine anyone painting William Nicholson's pictures in anything else but spotless white ducks and shiny, ever so shiny, patent leather shoes. Think of tweed trousers, blue blouse, and brown shoes. Impossible !

I mention this because in the visualisation of the man at work in the midst of a collection of old-world—not too old, say eighteenth century—books, prints, crockery, ship models, knick-knacks, old hats once worn by great men, " and odds and ends and the like o' that," in the visualisation of all this I say, you will see some of that delicious whimsicality that

permeates his work. And this is one of the most difficult qualities to write about, so when I come to deal with it more fully later on, I shall shirk it, and you will supply that which I cannot, by remembering this glimpse I have given you of William Nicholson at work. If I could have told you of a studio hung with armour and the floor covered with bear-skin rugs in the approved manner, with an artist heavily conscious of his mighty destiny, his work would have none of its subtle humour to elude my pen. Yet William Nicholson's painting at the same time is uncommonly serious.

Criticism of modern painting is of little use, to my mind, since we have no standards by which it can be judged. For judging the great schools of painting of the past something of a system can be made, but it entirely fails when applied to contemporary work. To the work of the past, time has given a true perspective, but it is impossible to take the long view in considering the painting of to-day. " Beauty " and " Truth to Nature," with other nebulous phrases common enough in modern art criticism have different meanings for each of us, and if an insistence is made upon any particular definition of them, then only intolerance and chaos reign. So there is no fixed standard ; the only way to get out of the labyrinth of intricate argument and intellectual gymnastics, is to admit it, and then to give up trying to apply one.

Let me, then, write an appreciation. Let me point out those qualities in William Nicholson's painting that give me enjoyment, although, mind you, words for the purpose are clumsy things. But the excellent illustrations in this volume will help enormously, for photography plays less havoc with William Nicholson's work than that of most artists. Why is this? The answer brings us to an important touchstone—perhaps the only one—applicable alike to ancient and modern painting, namely, excellence of design. By this I mean merely satisfactory pattern-making. The best painters of all time have been notable for this ability of excellent design. It is a quality quite apart from the emotional or æsthetic, though subtly interwoven with them. Since Constable and Cézanne, pattern-making—black and white content—has been sacrificed largely for colour content in natural form, although this in itself is another kind of design. The Impressionists and those who follow them avoid one of the most difficult problems in painting, i.e. the relative placing of darks to lights. Yet the experienced critic learns to rely upon the pattern made by the darks and lights in a picture, to give him a valuable hint as to its merit quite apart from its subject and technical method. Pattern was constantly in the minds of the Old Masters, and they exercised great care and ingenuity in its use. A glance through the illustrations in this book will

leave no doubt in the mind that one of the chief attributes of William Nicholson's pictures is the excellence of their design, the interest and ingeniousness of their pattern. No. 10, Miss Marie Tempest, one of his earliest portraits (which, by the way, was recently sold at Christie's), is a masterpiece of arrangement of pattern. The lights, here massed and there attenuated, carry the eye over the picture with an easily understood counter-change with the darks, splendidly balanced, rich and generous in their disposition.

Mr. Roger Fry has divided painting into four groups :—

1. Dramatic Painting. Representation of crisis.
2. Narrative Painting. Representation of description.
3. Satiric Painting. Representation of ridicule.
4. Lyrical Painting. Representation of mood.

William Nicholson's work has something of each of these groups in it, possessing under the first heading instantaneous force, the second, statement of fact, the third, witty comment, and the fourth, repose. Almost every picture of his, portrait, still-life or landscape, while containing the content of one or other of these groups predominant, also has in it something of the other three.

But paintings may be divided into two other large groups. Those that are illustrative and those that are decorative. It

is in this last group that most of William Nicholson's paintings will be found. Yet here, again, he flouts any preconceived notions we may have as to what constitutes the Decorative in painting, by giving it a distinct tinge of the Illustrative. It is the proportion with which he mixes all these ingredients, as it were, that gives his painting its individuality. So much is this entirely his own that he defies analogy. He is of no school, and so cleverly does he guard the secret of his manufacture that he defies imitation; so that anyone with the sight of a bat can pick a Nicholson canvas out of any array presented to him.

None the less, it is doubtful whether he is conscious of the means he employs to his end. He is singularly free from theories on art. An American steel magnate once showed him over his vast works of complicated and fascinating machinery used for making ingenious mechanical giants. Suddenly turning to W. N. he asked, "Do you know anything about machinery?" "No," answered Nicholson, "but I know what I like." And that is his attitude towards art. He knows what he likes. No more, no less, however much that might be. Simple, perhaps, and straightforward, two qualities also noticeable in the composition of his pictures.

The pyramidal form, the simplest devised by painters, is very frequently met with in them. No. 21, "The Girl with the

Tattered Gloves," No. 2, "The Landlord," No. 32, "The Master of Jesus," No. 34, "Miss Jekyll," No. 10, "Miss Marie Tempest," and No. 28, "Ursula Lutyens," are all of this plan, in each case with the apex of the pyramid at the top. It will be noticed that they are all portraits, the eye in each following comfortably the converging lines of the sides of the pyramid to the top, in which are set the features of the sitter, the important part of the picture. Yet when these main essentials are grasped, interest does not wane. The pictures are too subtle for that. The shapes of lights and darks, ever full of variety, never monotonous, each supporting the other, here lending contrast and there harmony, go to make up in these portraits a pattern, and while yet contained within the definite confines of the composition, are lost with subtle artistry in the mystery of the whole canvas. At first sight they might seem to be rather thoughtful studies in placing lights on darks, or in the case of "Ursula Lutyens" and "Le Tricoleur," darks on lights, but a closer study will reveal that these two elements are worked simultaneously, as if with a dark and light brush in either hand. The result is inevitable, unpretentious, just how it happens. Yet in this artlessness is a whole world of art which William Nicholson can afford to forgo. In other words, he learns thoroughly the tricks of his trade, and then like a wise man forgets them, thus

producing, after the hard work such mental somersaults entail, a painting " hot off the brain." While I write this note I have been privileged to watch the progress of a picture—unfortunately not included in this book—of " Polly from the Wings." No studies were made for this. William Nicholson night after night visited the theatre and watched his subject. He learned it off by heart. Everyone who plays an instrument or acts a part, knows full well that the committing to memory of a piece or a part is the easiest portion of the work. The interpretation, the creation of a work of art comes after that. So with William Nicholson's " Polly from the Wings." She was learned thoroughly line for line, mass for mass, colour for colour. She was painted and repainted and painted again until it seemed she would never be finished. Yet who would have thought by this method so spontaneous a result could be obtained. It reminds one of the methods of Robert Louis Stevenson in writing his prose.

It will be remarked that apart from the black and white content in William Nicholson's work there is little of great value in his colour. It has long been the practice to analyse pictures by reference to their drawing, colour, and composition as if these were entirely separate quantities. But if we once see that blacks and whites can be of infinite range and variety that often in an etching " colour " can be

legitimately referred to, it will then be noticed that William Nicholson's colour scheme—a very personal one—is of no small range. Moreover, when his still-life pictures are considered, a colour gamut from the brightest of reds to the dullest of violets is found with always this governing factor, that it is the means whereby he obtains his emotional appeal. This I know is the same for most artists, but with William Nicholson colour atunes the mind to the import of the subject. And since to him " nothing which God hath made call thou common " is a law, he finds charming quiet bits of colour worthy his record. To him they are not pleasing so much for their own sakes as for the explanation they give of the objects they adorn. The still-life paintings in the possession of Lady Cowdray, one of which is here reproduced, No. 19, and the two in the possession of Mr. J. J. Morgan, Nos. 26 and 27, illustrate this. In the " Dutch Figure " the colours of the flowers, the porcelain figure, and the curtain are so distinct that, quite apart from the cleverness in the texture of the painting, they tell us at once that this is the colour of flowers, this that of porcelain, and for the moment we desire curtains to be of no other colour but this. In " Tulips " the artist has chosen just that colour we all commonly associate with Tulips. There are many different coloured Tulips, of course, but these are those of all tulip colours the most tulipy. In

" Sheffield Plate " there is just the right emphasis on the copper showing through the worn rim of the tray to give the title and the picture their real meaning.

William Nicholson is too good an artist to search for the unobvious. He knows it is but fatuous to seek for those things outside the common ones of everyday life and find, in them only, worthy objects of his attention. But the everyday things require arrangement. They must be selected and judiciously broken to the slavery of his lively brush. Yet none of the still-life paintings betray any exertion on his part in forcing their subjects to his will.

Look at No. 33, for example, a plate of fish dumped down on a piece of paper. How often have we not seen this common enough arrangement in a kitchen ? Yet notice what an interesting composition it is when William Nicholson has pointed out its many possibilities. It was to the back of this picture that W. N. fastened a piece—a small piece—of actual fish. And people would stand in front of it and sniff, and believing their eyes, could hardly believe their noses. " The effect of it was most interesting," as Nicholson said at the time.

Yet such practical realism is hardly necessary for the fullest enjoyment of Mr. Nicholson's still-life paintings. Just as the very fishiness of No. 33, even without the very

real embroidery on the back, is entirely successful, or the china gloss on a delicate figure, the sheen on a taffeta silk perfectly convincing so that we feel the figure is breakable and can almost hear the rustle of the silk, so he can invest a scene composed of common utensils with uncommon atmosphere. No. 23, " The Hundred Jugs "—please resist counting them—now at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, has an extraordinary sense of orderliness with all the higgledy-piggledy arrangement, in which a stillness, a kind of holy stillness pervades, no doubt that the kitten might the better perform her devotions. Vitality is one of the strongest points in William Nicholson's work and is largely achieved by his consummate use of light and shade. It is obvious that to obtain a sense of repose a painter must reverse the devices used to obtain vitality. He will strive to blend his light and shades into an all over tone without abruptness, and naturally this treatment will only be suitable for certain subjects. And although there is less contrast in light and shade in " The Hundred Jugs," and therefore less vitality and more repose, the artist gives you a strong contrast in feeling, by allowing a delicious sense of humour to ruffle the quiet pervading the picture. This sense of humour, too, is extremely difficult to deal with in writing. It is a kind of wit in which lines and masses take the place of words. It is something more subtle than a mere play upon

subject-matter. It occurs over and over again in his still-life work, and if you do not feel it, then you are one in the audience to whom William Nicholson fails to get "across the footlights." The fact is, there is a smile in everything W. N. does. It is found even in No. 12, "Place du Petit Enfer," and other canvases of Dieppe, and is not lacking in the suave lucid paintings of the Downs he loves so much.

But this merely illustrates again the versatility of William Nicholson. He is a veritable master of evasion, a sort of illusionist. You think you have him safely pigeon-holed here, you shut the door tight, and lo! you open another pigeon-hole to find him there, and sitting quite comfortably, too. This versatility is full of surprises. For when the homeliness of his still-life and portrait paintings would seem to exhaust enough possibilities for one man, you come upon landscapes by him with a fresh delight. These, however, are seldom more than notes. They are not big compositions inspired by some *tour de force* of nature. They are little bits of prose about a field, net-worked with hedges; parkland, a piece of sheer white cliff, a windmill. They are not lyrical. In this branch of his painting his rather obvious concern about originality which entirely comes off in his portraits and still-lives, because of its delightful surprise and humour, fails him. He has not yet expressed the enormous amount

of surprise there is in nature. It is there all right, for many painters like George Clausen, R.A., and Sir C. J. Holmes have devoted much attention to it. But William Nicholson is certainly conscious of it, only so far he has not painted it. Once when telling me of his visit to India to paint a portrait of Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy, he related how he first came upon that most marvellous of all sights, the Taj Mahal. He described how he saw this wonder of beauty, asking himself the question, "Why does the sight of this exquisite thing make you gasp with amazement?" The answer is obvious when pointed out, but it required originality and sagacity to formulate it. The Taj Mahal stands on a huge base of white marble. The sun pouring down on the avenue of trees throws great deep shadows of them, but *none* of the edifice itself, because the whiteness of the marble at the base so powerfully reflects the light upwards that all is of fairy-like substance. The eye sees that which the brain cannot relate in reason. There is amazement, surprise.

That little question and answer from William Nicholson to William Nicholson have in them a whole world of self-unfoldment, giving into our hands the key to unlock the door of his treasure-house. And within the house is Surprise. It is surprise which is the literary value of so much of Mr. Nicholson's work; and adventure, too. He approaches each

fair white canvas without a map, without knowledge of the country he is about to explore. He is on a journey of discovery. Whatever is of anecdotal appeal to him, whatever he thinks will delight you as a spectator, provided you are not too grand a person, he will rescue for you from the overwhelming mass of interesting stuff this world contains. And having enjoyed his adventure, he will tell you about it with the delight of a *raconteur*. He never forgets the point of his story. He presents the scene, the actors, the appurtenances, and somewhere, if you look for it, there is the climax skilfully led up to. But sometimes it is hid away like the thimble in the game, and when you find it, well, surprise and adventure are yours, too. And his method in doing all this is engaging. The quality of his paint is always attractive—tempting—it looks good enough to eat.

W. N. is an adept at that old game of Kings—the cup and ball. He can toss the ball all manner of ways and catch it unerringly on the spike, and then he will toss the stick into the ball. I often feel it is just this cup-and-ball game he plays with his audience. No one ever expects the ball to fall precisely and nicely on the spike. Yet when you are the ball and have been well tossed into the air William Nicholson, with perfect ease and control of the string, lands you clear on the spike every time. And he is very pleased.

He even plays ducks and drakes with facts of nature, and if you will not enter into the spirit of it you will be very annoyed with him. In a room he is at the moment decorating, he throws cast shadows of swags of ribbon on a wall, giving to the eye a false perspective it knows very well from reason cannot be fact. Yet there is no offence. He designs great fat bamboo wings for his settings of "Polly," putting into the scene the most poisonous greens and liver purples. He designs an end paper like that to "The Velveteen Rabbit," in which hundreds of rabbits are drawn calligraphically without lifting the pen from the paper in a boisterous humour full of surprise.

This drawing of cats, horses, cups of tea, ducks, shoes, gloves, hats, anything you like is a happy diversion of his, and he would make a first-class uncle for anyone's children, for surprise is the royal road to a child's heart and to that of the best of us who have grown old. I can imagine W. N. coming into a room over the top of a door or underneath it for that matter, but in the ordinary way—no! Too prosaic!

One of the most difficult parts of my task is to relate the obvious originality of William Nicholson's work with the homeliness of it all. That it is not necessary to go far afield to find subjects for the brush is patent to everybody. But to

bring a vision of exact appreciation to the vital spot of a theme—even its truly dramatic moment—is not, and has not been, the lot of many artists. Chardin, perhaps, of all others comes to the mind in this respect, and when we consider the lines upon which still-life painting has developed since Cézanne, filling every painter's studio with apples and crushed napkins, it is then that our eyes are opened to the fact that still-life painting of all other kinds can be the most self-conscious. Yet never once can the charge of self-consciousness be laid at William Nicholson's door. Henley's hat, a sword, a piece of silk, a glass, a knife and fork, a fine shawl, a ribbon, an overturned vase, a sleeping cat, all these things are met with in a day's march. They are not arranged. They are there and we haply fall upon them.

So, too, with the sitters. Miss Ursula Lutyens just happened to put the busby on her head at a party and there is the appetiser for William Nicholson's painting of her. Walter Greaves is discovered leaning against a white piano, of all things. It is enough. The incongruity of life is far more abundant than the circumstantial evidence of it. Yet the lady drinking her morning coffee had done so hundreds of times before William Nicholson was aware of it and made an immortal note of the fact, and she may be doing so still for all I know. This reality of life is the reason for his realism.

And just as life is decorative enough so is the frank painting of it.

All these qualities which I have tried to convey that go to make William Nicholson's work so distinctive among contemporary painters are better known to the public through that large series of books by him, published by Messrs. Heinemann, and the posters he did in collaboration with his brother-in-law, James Pryde, under the pseudonym " The Beggarstaff Brothers." These posters, simple in the extreme, of sinuous line, broad flat black masses and colour, did much to awaken the poster art of this country from a feeble lethargy. I do not know what part William Nicholson took in this collaboration, and if you ponder it, it is extremely difficult to imagine how two artists can work together on one drawing, and produce such homogeneous results as these famous posters. Further, if you know anything of Mr. James Pryde's important work, full of sinister, indescribable portent, then the collaboration becomes more mystifying than ever.

It was in 1896 that Persimmon won the Derby,—anyhow that is the date given on a race-course Commemoration handkerchief hanging in William Nicholson's stable home in Apple Tree Yard. I am, unfortunately, not a " horsey " man—at any rate, not to excess—and I have no race cards or any of that bewildering hieroglyphic literature which will

verify the date for me. But it is important from William Nicholson's point of view that Persimmon won the Derby, and I wonder whether, had any other horse won this particular Derby of 1896, he would have been immortalised in a woodcut. Still, Persimmon was delineated on a block of wood. Cross-grained, be it noted, cut and printed, and coloured. Phil May saw it, and *he* knew a horse when he saw one, and was so attracted by its novelty (nothing quite like this woodcut had hitherto been done) that he took it to Mr. Brown of the Fine Art Society. He, just for fun, hung it on his walls, and there Whistler saw it. Whistler at the time was staying with Mr. Heinemann, the publisher, and, evidently raving about the good points of Persimmon, persuaded him to send for Nicholson. Mr. Heinemann wanted to know whether Mr. Nicholson had any other ideas, and he promptly suggested an "Alphabet." Thus began that series of books, including *An Almanac of Twelve Sports*, *London Types*, *The Square Book of Animals*, two series of *Twelve Portraits*, *Characters of Romance*, and a book of the buildings of Oxford.

These books, striking an absolutely original note in their day, have since been unapproached by the innumerable imitations of them that have appeared. The plates, designed on the broadest possible lines in which the blacks were skilfully balanced and used to convey form with the utmost

grace and simplicity, no doubt seemed to many easy enough to produce and copy. But only those who know the long labour of elimination, choice and selection which such work entails, will understand with what inimitable skill William Nicholson has retained in these woodcuts a surprising spontaneity. They have often been mentioned in the same breath as Japanese woodcuts. For myself, I see no similarity. Never once does William Nicholson make a difficult shape or line for his graver to cut. Indeed, he has told me that not till long after their execution did he ever see a professional wood-engraver at work, and his sole concern in his own cuts was to make an extremely difficult job easy. Now the Japanese in their woodcuts go out of their way to make difficulties for themselves (technically, I mean) and to delight in overcoming them. Yet while William Nicholson was busy making his new craft easy, he managed to entangle himself in some very difficult bits of "seeing," so to speak. I am sure a great part of the charm of these books is the apparent ease with which they are accomplished.

From one of them is reproduced in this volume the famous portrait of Queen Victoria. This was first published in *The New Review* when W. E. Henley was the editor, a periodical in which Joseph Conrad first saw the light. No man but a bold adventurer could have tackled the problem of a portrait—

and a royal one at that—using such slender means for the characterisation such a portrait demands, and none but a bold publisher would have published it. Yet this adventurer of ours entirely succeeded in giving us a homely, personal, dignified portrait of a fine old lady. A simple, straightforward presentation of her, ungarnished with the usual trappings that befog the respectful vision of so many artists who attempt such things as portraits of Royalty. When Whistler first saw this portrait of Queen Victoria he complimented the young Nicholson, speaking high praise of it. Flattered and embarrassed, W. N. found sanctuary in the remark that " Her Majesty was a wonderful subject." " Ah ! " said Whistler, " Her Majesty might say the same of you." Throughout the book you feel that each portrait is imbued with the qualities peculiar to the sitter and entirely his own, and it is difficult to say whether most of them were done for their personal characteristics, or their pictorial value.

One unusual thing about the Almanac is worth recording. William Nicholson had done the drawings for this book before Rudyard Kipling " illustrated " them with his verses. The very opposite of the procedure usual in the making of books.

The " Characters of Romance " were not cut on the wood by Mr. Nicholson. The drawings date from 1900, and include

a masterpiece, " Chicot." They are of distinction because they mark the beginning of a definite calligraphic quality which has since steadily increased throughout the artist's work. Of later years this has become more marked than ever. It is a very difficult quality to convey in words, but to-day there is a " handwriting " feeling in the whole of William Nicholson's technique. And more than this, it is the handwriting of an accomplished scribbler—no longer the copper plate of the struggling schoolboy. You remember the remarks of Hokusai. It is the handwriting of a man who can use the wrong end of a brush and by the sheer force of his ability make it the right one for the purpose (I have seen him cover a sheet of paper with exquisitely fishy fish with the handle of a brush dipped into a bottle of ink). Many of the finest Chinese drawings have this same sense of calligraphy. And if you can accustom yourself to the characters of the handwriting, then, and only then perhaps, is the import of what it has to say of real value.

Throughout this short appreciation I have been conscious of the inadequacy of words to explain anything that might be found in the work of William Nicholson. The mass of writings on painting and painters, can, I feel, have done little to elucidate obscurities. No books can ever be a substitute for a genuine love of pictures. Neither can they give

sight to eyes that cannot see. But just as the reticent flowers of the wayside often shyly hide their charm beneath the coarse grasses and sturdy growth of the hedgerow, and require but notice drawn to them for them to receive their just share of admiration, so I can only hope the attention which I have placed upon a few of the attractive qualities that make the flowers of William Nicholson's garden so brilliant will but help to the appreciation of their true value in the world of contemporary painting. It only remains for me further to hope that the warning in the words of his friend, Max Beerbohm, " Don't over attend to it, gardener ; don't drench and deluge it ! " has been heeded, that his reputation may escape the cruelty of over-kindness.

S. K. N.

PLATES

PLATE I. PORTRAIT OF H.M. THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

Coloured wood engraving. In the possession of Messrs. William Heinemann.

PLATE 2. THE LANDLORD. *Oil. Manchester City Art Gallery.*

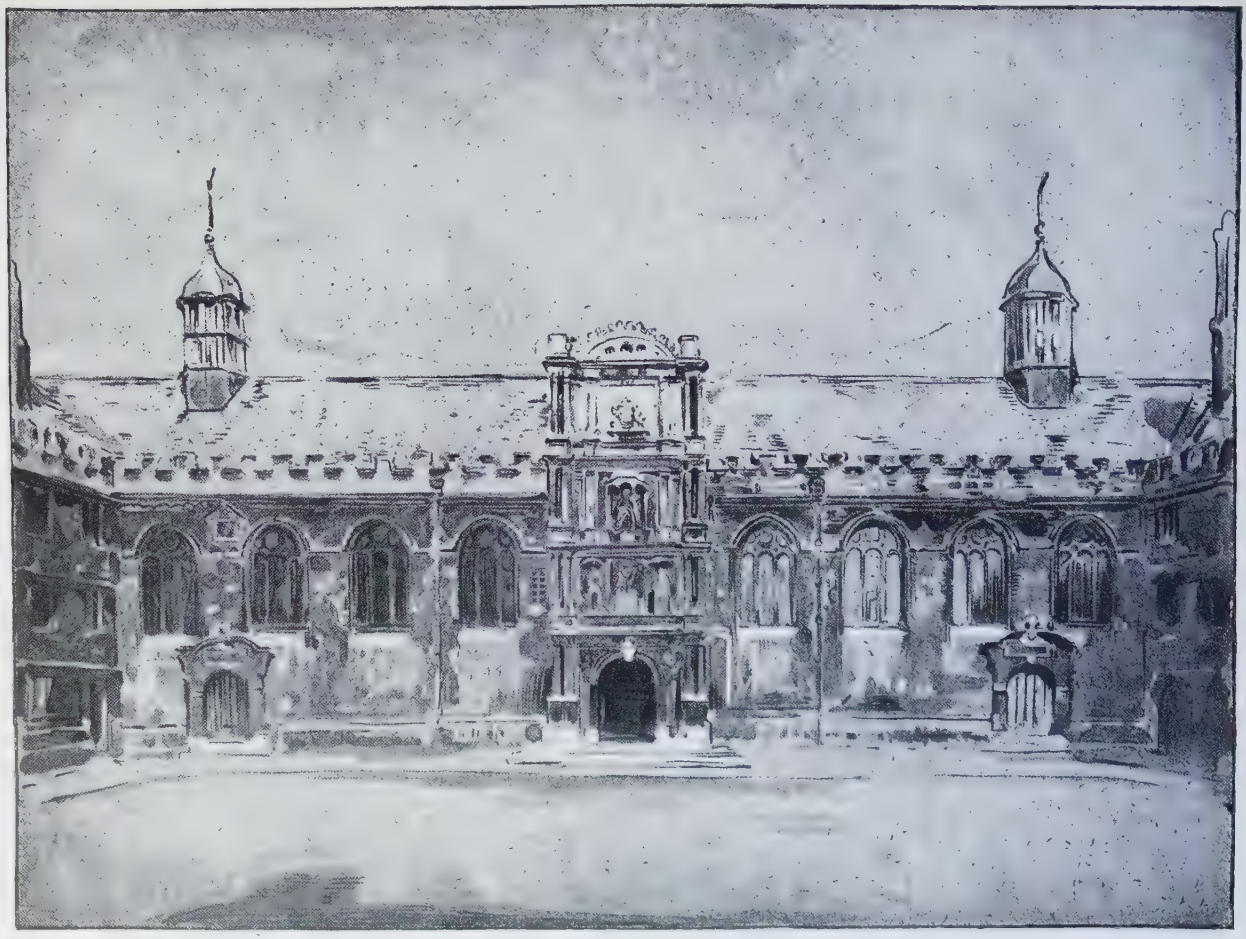

PLATE 3. WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD *Coloured wood engraving. In the possession of the Stafford Galleries.*

PLATE 4. ROSY. *Oil. Originally in the possession of the late William Cleverly Alexander, Esq.*

PLATE 5. DEER IN A LANDSCAPE. *Oil. Originally in the possession of the late William Cleverly Alexander, Esq.*

PLATE 6. W. E. HENLEY. *Oil. In the possession of Mrs. Henley.*

PLATE 7. CHRIST'S COLLEGE, OXFORD. *Coloured wood engraving.*

In the possession of the Stafford Galleries.

PLATE 8. FOUR PLAYING CARDS. *Coloured wood engravings. In the possession of the Artist.*

PLATE 9. MR. JOSEPH N. CHOATE. *Coloured wood engraving.*

In the possession of Messrs. William Heinemann.

PLATE 10. MISS MARIE TEMPEST. *Oil.*

PLATE II. THE FIRST COMMUNION. *Oil. In the possession of J. W. Bacon Esq.*

PLATE 12. PLACE DU PETIT ENFER. *Oil. In the possession of J. W. Bacon, Esq.*

PLATE 13. THE LITTLE BARON. *Oil. In the possession of the Artist.*

PLATE 14. SYLVIE BRISTOWE. *Oil. In the possession of J. J. Cowan, Esq.*

PLATE 15. MRS. STAFFORD OF PARADISE ROW. *Oil. In the possession of The Viscountess Cowdray.*

PLATE 16. DÉJEUNER DE MARIE. *Oil. In the possession of The Viscountess Cowdray.*

PLATE 17. CASPAR. *Oil. In the possession of The Viscountess Cowdray.*

PLATE 18. WHITE STONE POND. *Oil.*

PLATE 19. DUTCH FIGURE. *Oil. In the possession of The Viscountess Cowdray.*

PLATE 20. THE BLACK PANSY. *Oil.*

PLATE 21. THE GIRL WITH THE TATTERED GLOVES. *Oil. Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.*

PLATE 22. CARLINA. *Oil. Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery.*

PLATE 23. THE HUNDRED JUGS. *Oil. The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.*

PLATE 24. LE TRICOLEUR. *Oil.* *In the possession of Mrs. Kinnell.*

PLATE 25. GLASSES. 9

PLATE 26. TULIPS. *Oil. In the possession of J. J. Morgan, Esq.*

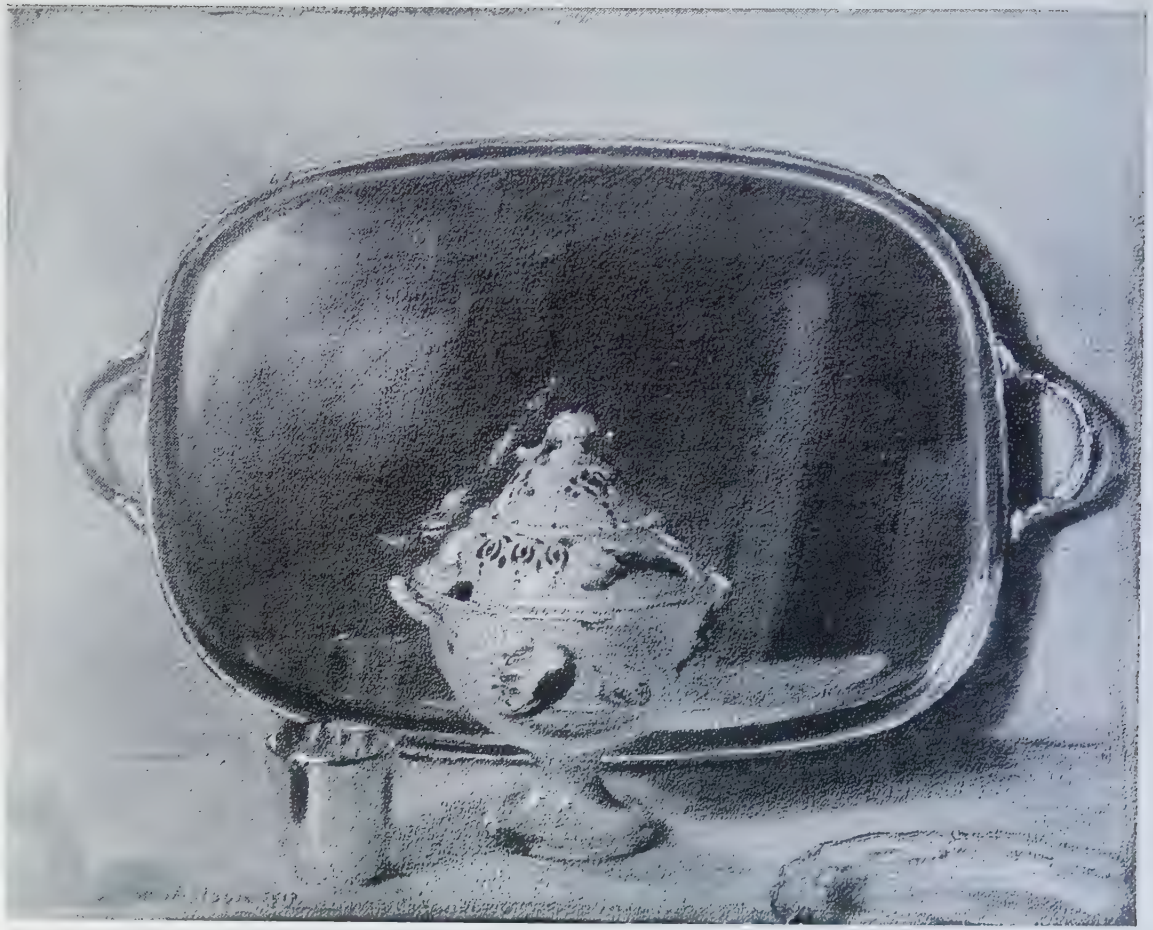

PLATE 27. SHEFFIELD PLATE. *Oil. In the possession of J. J. Morgan, Esq.*

PLATE 28. URSULA LUTYENS. *Oil. In the possession of Sir Edwin Lutyens.*

PLATE 29. THE VICEROY'S ORDERLY. *Oil.*

In the possession of Mrs. Kinnell.

PLATE 30. HARLECH. *Oil. In the possession of J. J. Morgan, Esq.*

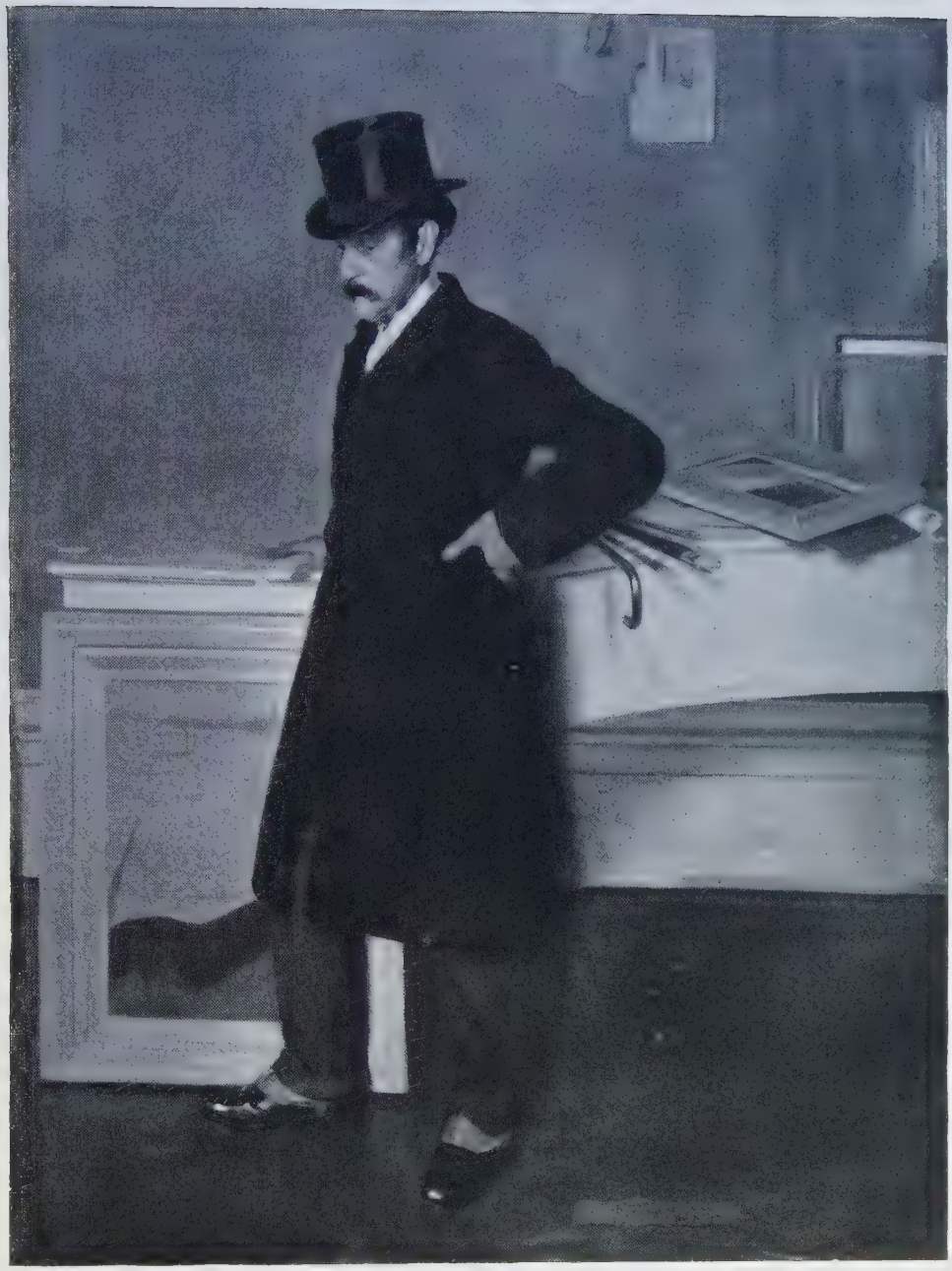

PLATE 31. WALTER GREAVES. *Oil. In the possession of the Artist.*

PLATE 32. THE MASTER OF JESUS. *Oil. In the possession of Jesus College, Cambridge.*

PLATE 33. FISH. *Oil. In the possession of the Artist.*

PLATE 34. MISS JEKYLL. *Oil. National Gallery of British Art.*

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